

FORMERLY MILITARY COMICS

MODERN

JULY
No. 51

COMICS

10¢



Blackhawk

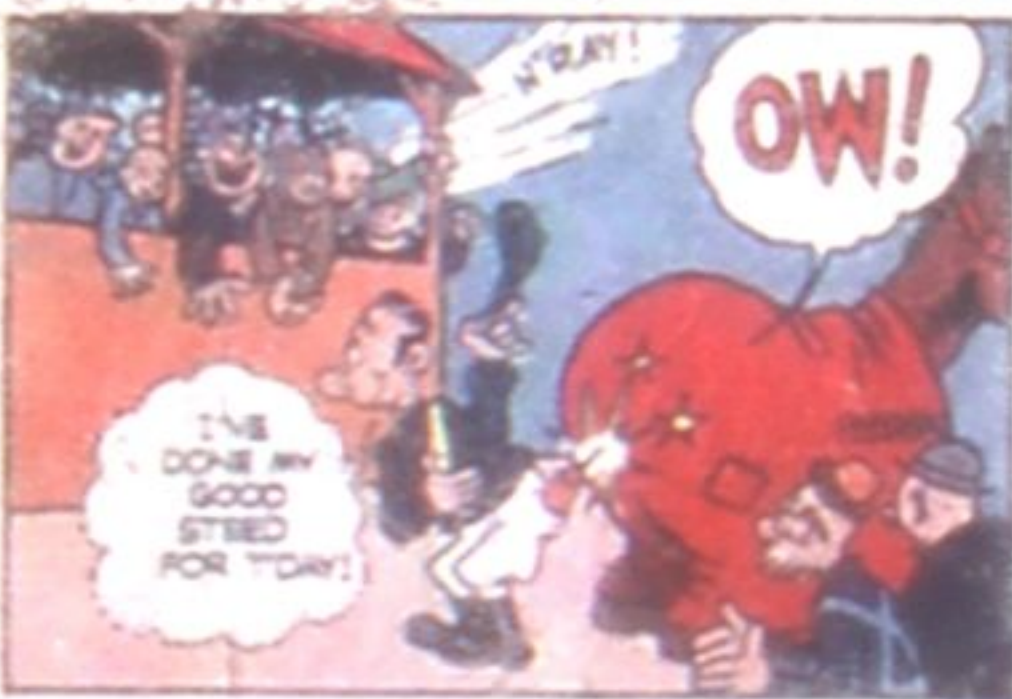
visits PLAMBAR,
Ancient City of Evil!

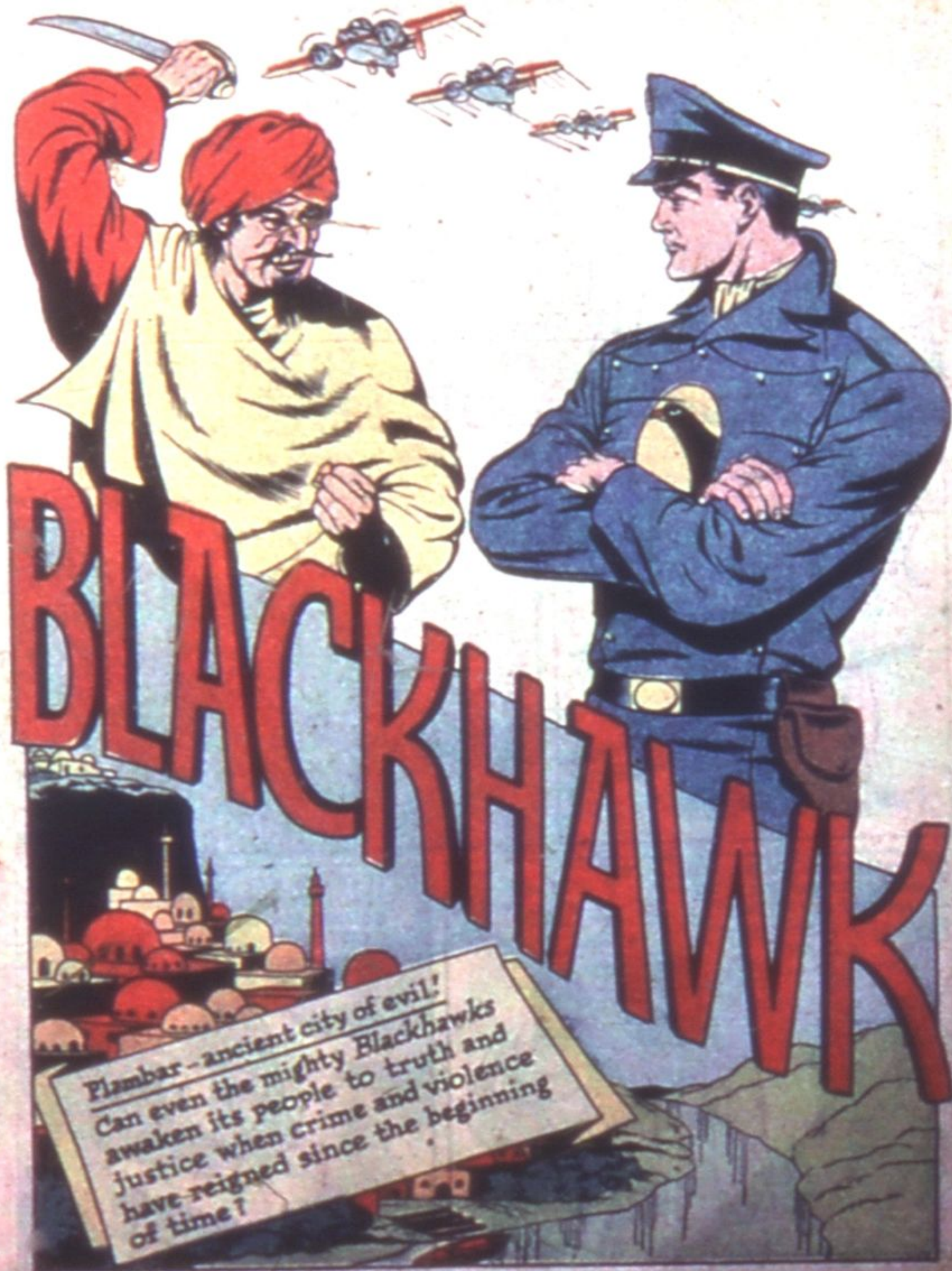
STILL
60
PAGES
FOR
10¢

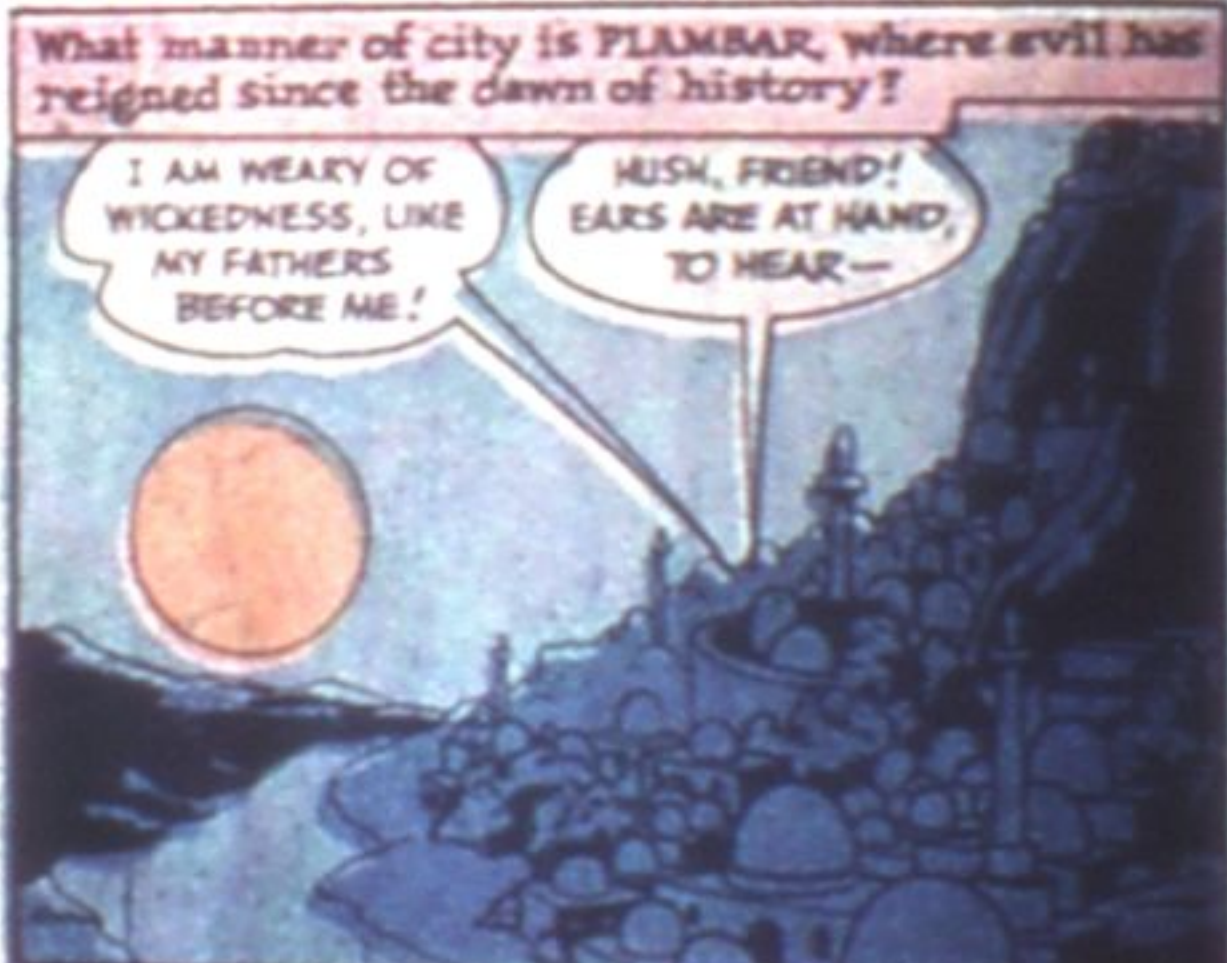


WEB COMIC
UNIVERSE.COM

"PEPSI" THE PEPSI-COLA COP





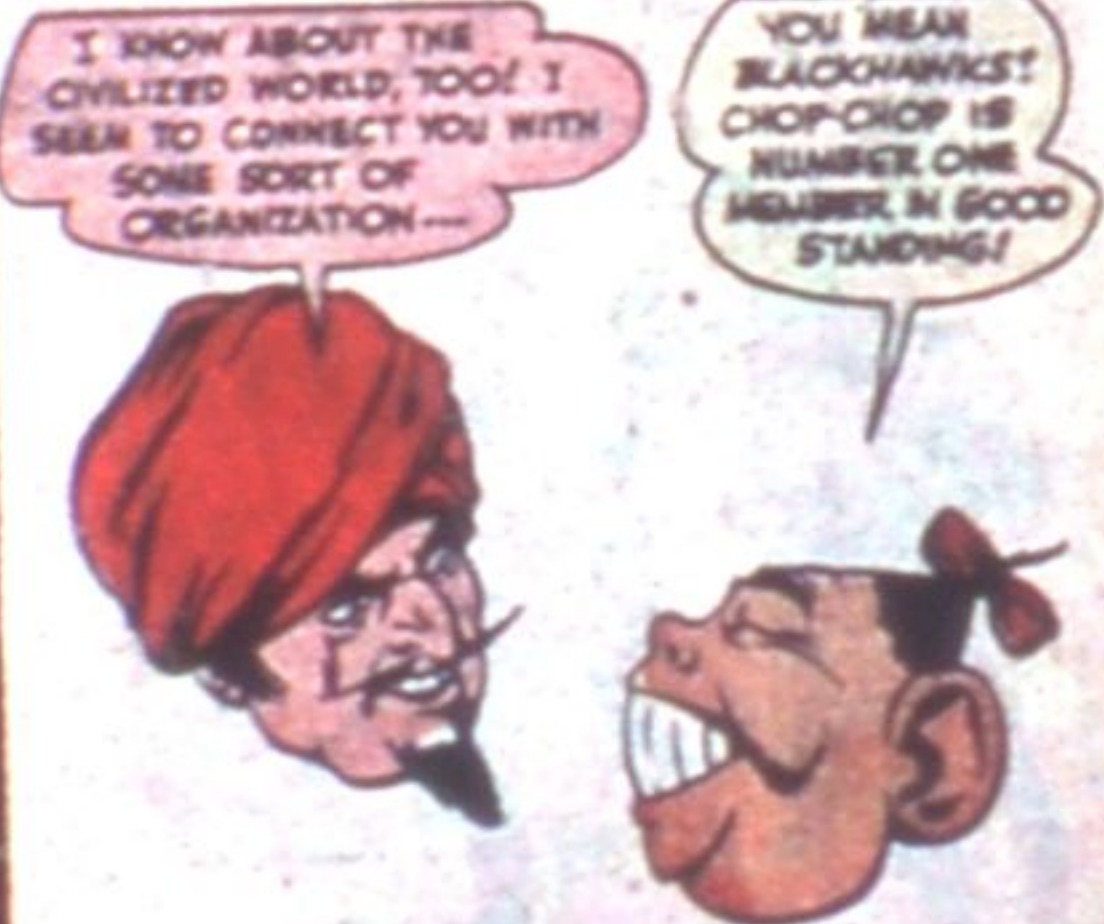
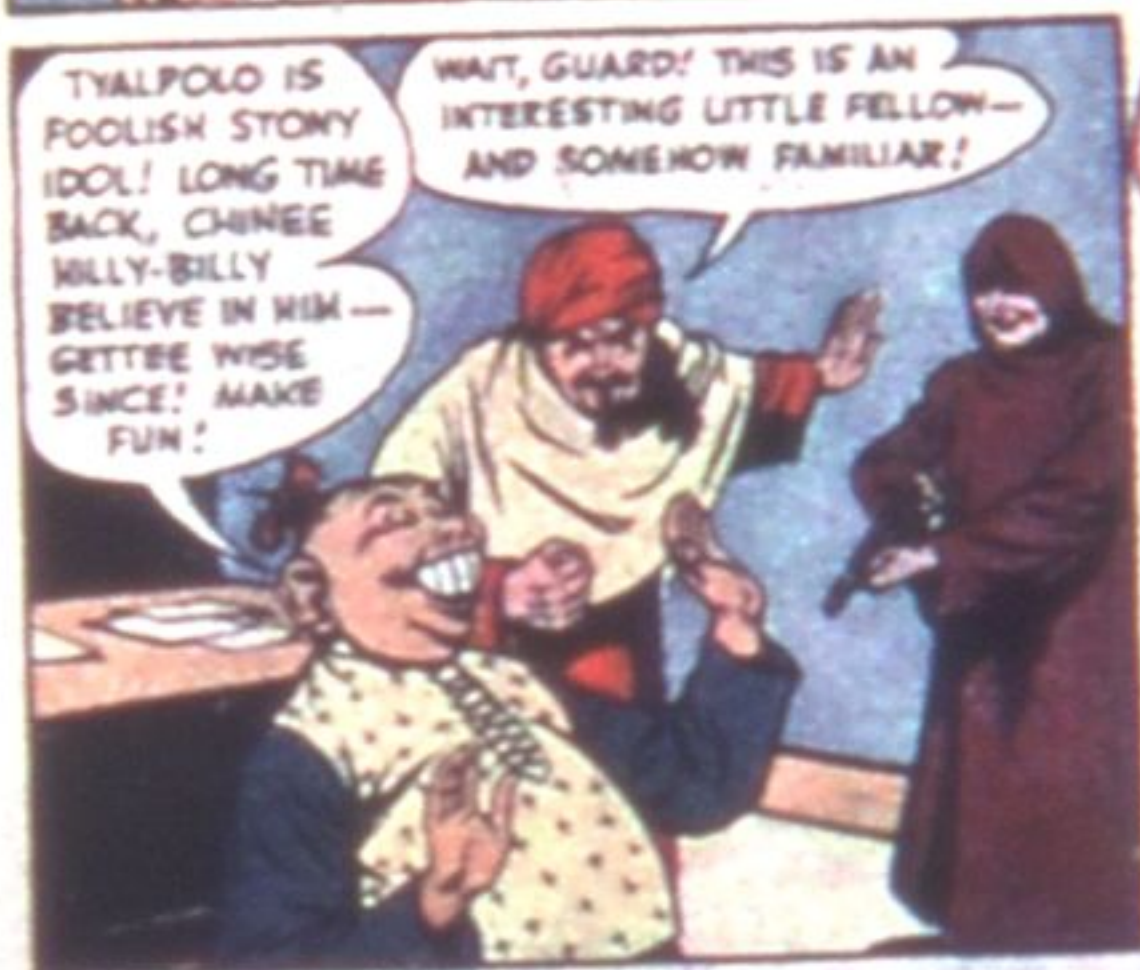




WHERE A WORSHIP OF AN EVIL GOD IS STRONG, MUCH PROFIT CAN BE MADE FROM CRIME AND VIOLENCE! PEOPLE EXPECT IT — ALL BUT SUSPICIOUS ONES LIKE YOU!









HE'S WORTH MORE ALIVE THAN DEAD!... IF I CAN CONVINCE HIM...

YOU'VE PASSED THE TEST, CHOP-CHOP! LISTEN!



I'M HEAD OF THE SECRET GROUP FIGHTING THE TYALPOLO BELIEF! TAKE ME TO YOUR LEADER!

I TAKE YOU! BLACKHAWK WANT NEWS!



WHAT'S HAPPENED TO CHOP-CHOP? IF HE GOT LOST, I'LL MURDER HIM! BUT IF SOMEBODY STOLE HIM, I'LL MURDER—

SAVE THE MURDERS, BLACKHAWK! HERE HE COMES, WITH SOMEBODY!



MEET BLIG-SHOT FELLA OF PLAMBAR -- MISTEE JORP!

YOU'RE THE BLACKHAWK! LET'S TALK PRIVATELY! I'VE MUCH TO TELL YOU!



In a quiet park...

I TAKE IT YOU CAME TO SMASH THE EVIL CUSTOMS OF THIS TOWN!

YOU'VE GUESSED RIGHT, MR. JORP! GO ON TALKING! I WON'T INTERRUPT!



EVERYTHING IN PLAMBAR DEFERS TO LAWLESS POWER! ROBBERY, MURDER, GRAFT! -- NOBODY DARES OPPOSE THEM!

NOT EVEN THE AUTHORITIES? YET THE PEOPLE SEEM HONEST ENOUGH!

OH, YES! BUT WHEN CRIME'S AN ORDINARY THING -- AND VIOLENT DEATH COMES TO ANY WHO RESIST -- YOU KNOW HOW SUCH COMMUNITIES ARE!

I DO INDEED! SUPPOSE YOU LET ME TALK PRIVATELY TO SOME PLAIN HONEST MEN!



JUST WHAT I WAS GOING TO SUGGEST! COME WITH ME -- ALONE!

SEE YOU LATER, MEN!



WE LEFT US BEHIND -- BUT HE MADE DOT STRANGE SIGN --

PARBLEU, EET EES WELL KNOWN IN FRANCE! ZE SIGN OF WEIRD MYSTERY!



MYSTERY, YOU SAY? MAYBE HE BAN WANT US TO--

TO FOLLOW WITHOUT BEING SEEN! COME ON! WE CAN DO THAT!



And with the skill and ease learned in many a furtive adventure, the *Blackhawks* take the trail of their leader!



THIS LOOKS MORE LIKE A CRIME HIDEOUT THAN AN HONEST CITIZEN'S HOME!

YOU FORGET THAT. CRIMINALS GO FREE HERE -- AND HONESTY MUST BE HIDDEN! COME ON IN!





WHY ALL THE HOODS AND ROBES? THIS MAN LOOKS LIKE A VILLAIN IN A CHEAP MOVIE!

DIDN'T CHOP-CHOP TELL YOU WE HAD TO BE DISGUISED LIKE THIS? DON'T BE AFRAID!



WHO SAID ANYTHING ABOUT BEING AFRAID? WE BLACKHAWKS CROSSED THE WORD OUT OF OUR DICTIONARY LONG AGO!

PARDON ME! I SHOULD HAVE KNOWN THAT! COME AND MEET THE OTHERS!



GENTLEMEN, I HAVE A SURPRISE FOR YOU! BLACKHAWK, THE ENEMY OF ALL LAWLESSNESS, IS HERE IN PERSON!

BLACKHAWK -- WE KNOW OF HIM! WHAT DO YOU DO HERE, BLACKHAWK?

RUMORS CAME TO ME AND MY FRIENDS OF HOW YOUR CITY IS DOMINATED BY CRIME AND EVIL! WE PLAN TO CHANGE THAT!

CHANGE IT? HOW, BLACKHAWK?



ONLY ONE WAY -- DESTROY THE EVIL-DOERS! WE'RE RATHER EXPERT AT THAT!

I THINK YOU HAVE SAID ENOUGH! WE'RE EXPERT DESTROYERS OURSELVES!



MORE THAN EXPERTS -- WE'RE GENIUSES! NOW THAT YOU'RE ALONE WITH US, BLACKHAWK, PERHAPS IT'S TIME TO EXPLAIN --

OH, I KNOW ALREADY! YOU'RE GOING TO SAY THAT YOU DREW ME INTO A TRAP!



ALMOST AT FIRST MEETING WITH YOU I SUSPECTED IT! AND I THOUGHT THE SIMPLEST THING TO DO WAS GO ALONG -- INTO YOUR STRONGHOLD -- LET YOU EXPOSE YOURSELF!





The citizens celebrate the overthrow of crime.

LOOK, CHOP-CHOP, THEY'RE DESTROYING THOSE IDOLS!

MAYBE BETTER THEY DESTROY MISTEE JORP, STANISLAUS!

And, looking from ruins high above...

THE FOOLS! THEY'VE CAPTURED MY CHIEF FOLLOWERS! NOW THEY'RE DIGGING OUT THE OTHERS!

BUT I'M STILL FREE! I'LL GET REVENGE ON BLACKHAWK IF IT'S THE LAST THING I DO!

PERHAPS IT WILL BE THE LAST!

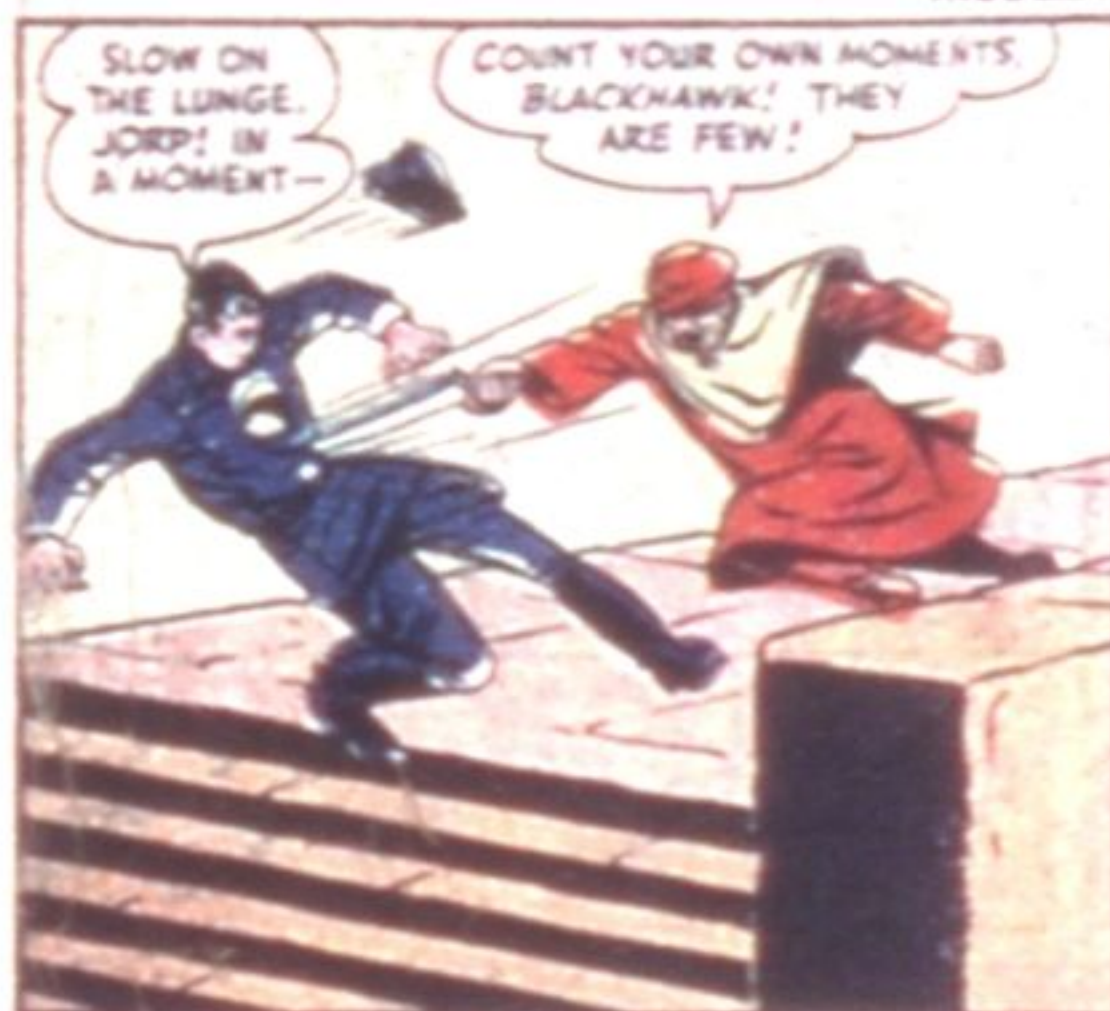
HERE I AM! NOW, HOW DO YOU PLAN YOUR REVENGE? I WANT YOU TO HAVE A FAIR CHANCE!

HOW DID YOU FIND ME HERE?

THEY'D TURNED THE CITY UPSIDE DOWN WITHOUT FINDING YOU! I KNEW YOU MUST HAVE LEFT—SO I WENT OUTSIDE, FOUND YOUR TRACKS AND TRACED YOU HERE!

I FOOLED YOU ONCE, BLACKHAWK—WITH A CLOCK!

I'LL DO IT AGAIN! BY THIS SWORD, YOU WILL DIE!



SLOW ON THE LUNGE. JORP! IN A MOMENT—

COUNT YOUR OWN MOMENTS, BLACKHAWK! THEY ARE FEW!



IT'S A LONG FALL DOWN FROM THE TOP OF YOUR PRIDE!



DIDN'T THE FALL FINISH YOU? THEN I WILL!



DID HE FALL INTO THE ABYSS BELOW? BUT I DON'T SEE HIM! PERHAPS—



HE MUST BE UNDER HERE! BUT OUT OF REACH OF MY SWORD! I'LL HANDLE HIM ANOTHER WAY!



I MAKE A HOLE, LIKE THIS, TO RECEIVE THIS LITTLE EGG I LEAVE FOR HIM!



THERE — THE SAFETY CATCH IS RELEASED! WITHIN SECONDS IT WILL BLOW UP!







CHOO CHOO



WHY THE COSTUME, CHOO CHOO? ARE YOU IN A NEW SHOW?

NO SUCH LUCK, CHERRY! SOME MAN BY THE NAME OF JORDAN HIRED ME TO BE IN SOME KIND OF AN ENTERTAINMENT PROGRAM TONIGHT!

BUT, CHOO CHOO, WHO IS THIS MAN? YOU DON'T EVEN KNOW WHERE YOU'RE GOING!

OH, YES, I DO!

1313 GUNHILL
ROAD, DRIVER!



A short ride
and then--

HERE
WE ARE,
MISS!

G-GOSH, THAT
L-LOOKS LIKE
MY GRANDMOTHER'S
OLD HOMESTEAD!



IT'S DARK! TH-THERE ISN'T
A LIGHT IN THE HOUSE!

I KNOW! YOU'LL GET
YOUR DIRECTIONS
FROM THIS!



I WILL? I
MEAN-- HEY!
COME BACK
HERE!



W-WELL, AS LONG
AS I'M HERE, I MAY
AS WELL FACE THE
SITUATION!



A LADDER! I'M NOT
S-SUPERSTITIOUS B-BUT
I GUESS I'D BETTER
NOT WALK
UNDER IT!

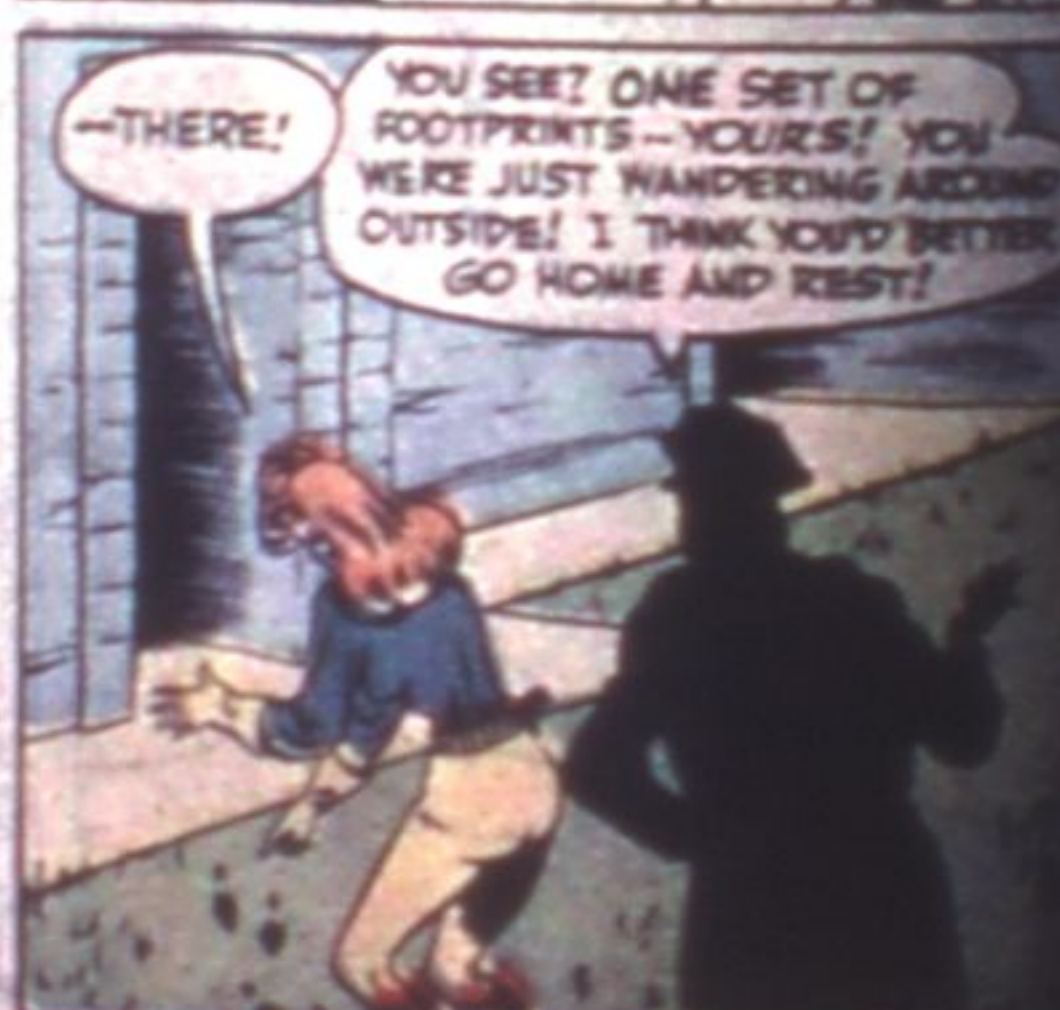














Help Death Patrol!



DEATH PATROL is known for its acceptance of up-to-date aeronautic methods. But when Junior goes in for SKYWRITING, almost anything can happen!...

...and it usually does!



H-HORROR, FELLOWS, I WAS JUST PRACTICING MY SKYWRITING HOMEWORK! GOSH! I DIDN'T MEAN TO SCARE YOU!

HMF! A DISGRACE TO THE GROUP!

BESIDES, YOU FORGOT TO CROSS THE T IN DEATH!

PHOOEY ON SKYWRITING!





So Long Fellows



At the Ajax
Cleaner offices...

READY
FOR MY
ASSIGNMENT,
SIR!

CLEAN-CUT ADVERTISING,
JUNIOR! WE WANT YOU
TO WRITE OUR CAMPAIGN
OVER THE ENTIRE
CITY!



LEAVE IT TO ME!
IT'S AS GOOD
AS DONE!



WOW!

A Clean
Home for
all

GOSH!



GULP! THE
DAM — IT'S
OVERFLOWING!
THE CITY WILL BE
FLOODED!



Help
Death
Patrol
emergency

I HOPE THEY
GET MY
MESSAGE
THIS TIME!





EZRA

ROLLO SURE IS
A PAL TO GIVE ME THE MAP
OF THIS SAFE ROUTE!
I CERTAINLY CAN
DEPEND ON
HIM!

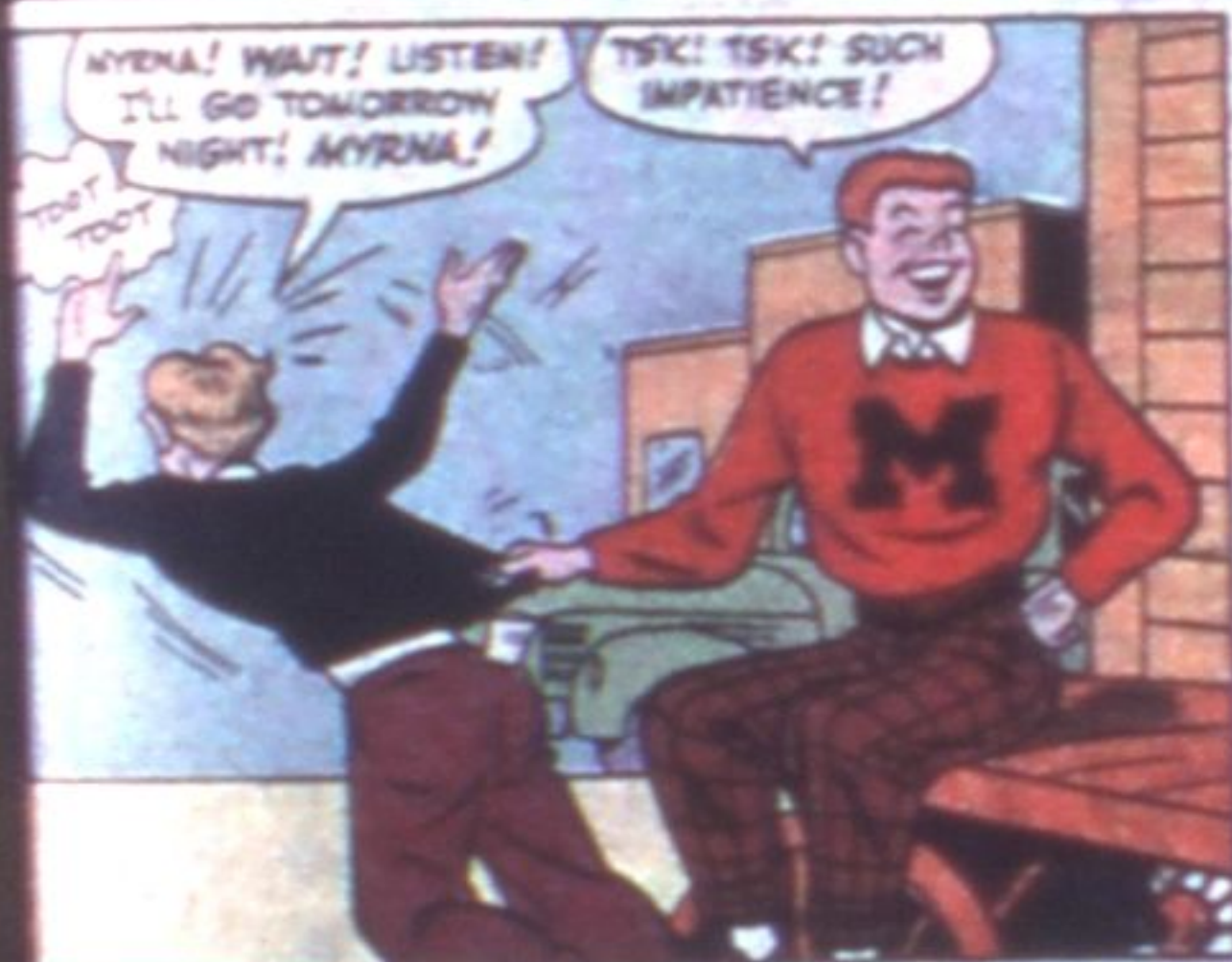


HEY, EZRA! WHAT'S
COOKING? LEAVING
TOWN?

I JUST GOT A NOTE FROM
MYRNA! SHE'S LEAVING
FOR CENTERVILLE IN
TWO MINUTES!

BUT SHE'LL COME BACK
TOMORROW NIGHT IF I
CAN GO TO THE
STRAWBERRY
FESTIVAL WITH
HER!











HA! HA! MY OLD FRIEND EZRA! YOU OUGHTA KNOW BETTER'N TO PLAY WITH MY BOOBY TRAPS! HA! HA!

OWCH! OOF!

WHY, THAT LOW-DOWN SNAKE! CALLIN' ME NAMES IN A LETTER! I'LL MODER DIS GUY LOPPER!

GULP LOPPERT OHNH!



I'M GONNA NAIL DAT CRUMB! EZRA, MY PAL, Y'GOTTA LEND ME TWO BITS FOR CARFARE!

HUH? OH! GOSH, ALL I'VE GOT IS FIFTEEN CENTS! IS THAT OKAY?



T'ANKS! DON'T APOLOGIZE! I'LL BE BACK! STICK AROUND AN' MAKE BELIEVE YOU ARE ME!

HUH?



SRY, THAT'S NOT A BAD IDEA! I'LL MAKE BELIEVE I'M BING BANG, AND WHEN THAT LETTER COMES, I'LL SIMPLY TEAR IT UP!



I'LL JUST SIT HERE AND— OH-OH!



OKAY, SUCKER!
MAYBE THAT'LL
WAKE YOU
UP!







JOHNNY DOUGHBOY



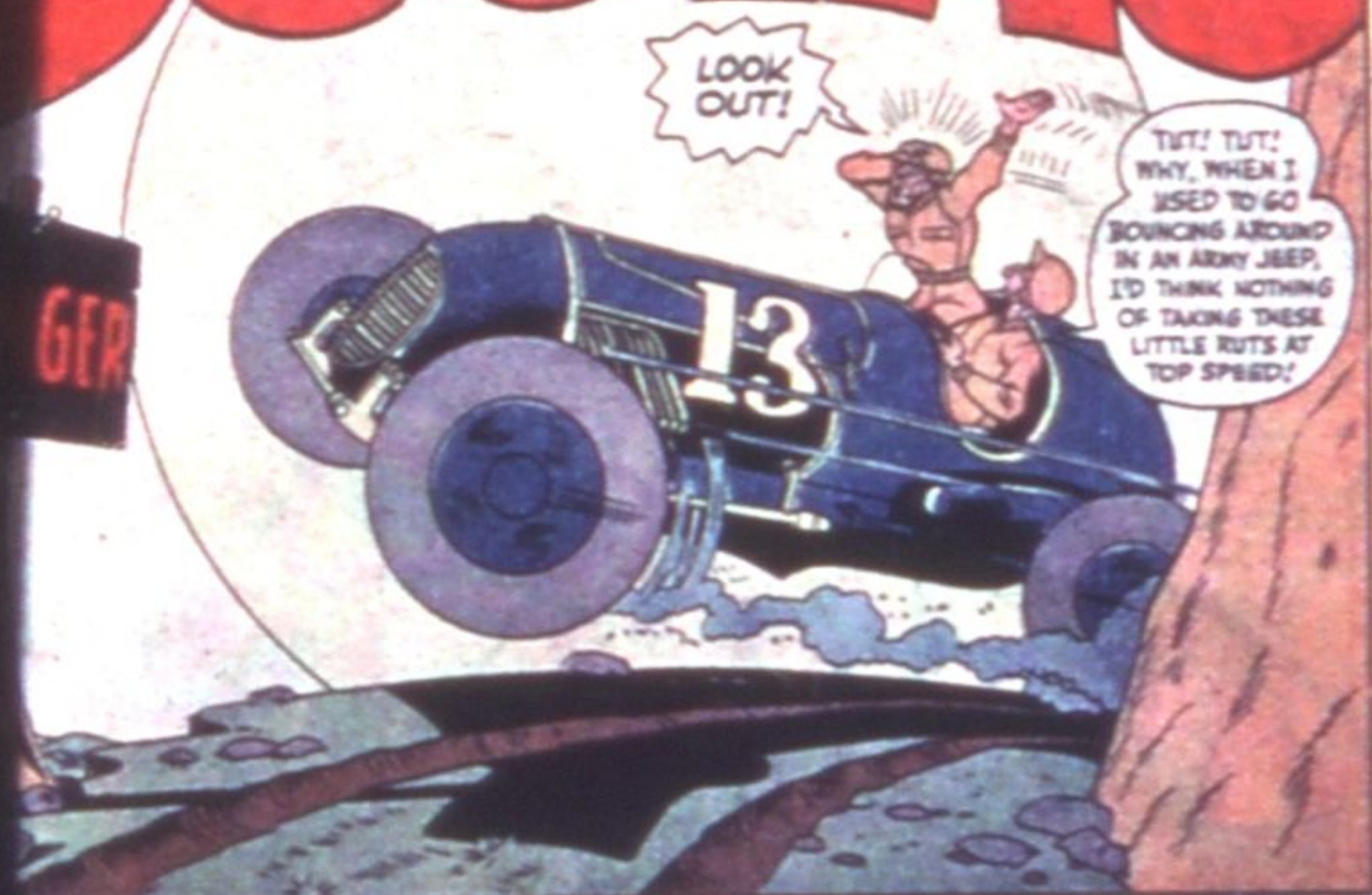
PRIVATE

MODERN COMICS

DOGTAG

LOOK
OUT!

TUT! TUT!
WHY, WHEN I
USED TO GO
BOUNCING AROUND
IN AN ARMY JEEP,
I'D THINK NOTHING
OF TAKING THESE
LITTLE RUTS AT
TOP SPEED!



MAY AS WELL MIX A
LITTLE PLEASURE
WITH JOB HUNTING!

CARNIVAL
SHOW
FOR A



STEP RIGHT IN, FOLKS, AND SEE DAREDEVIL DUDLEY
IN HIS DEATH DEFYING MOTORCYCLE RIDE AROUND
AN ABSOLUTELY PERPENDICULAR WALL! IT'S
THRILLING! IT'S STUPENDOUS!





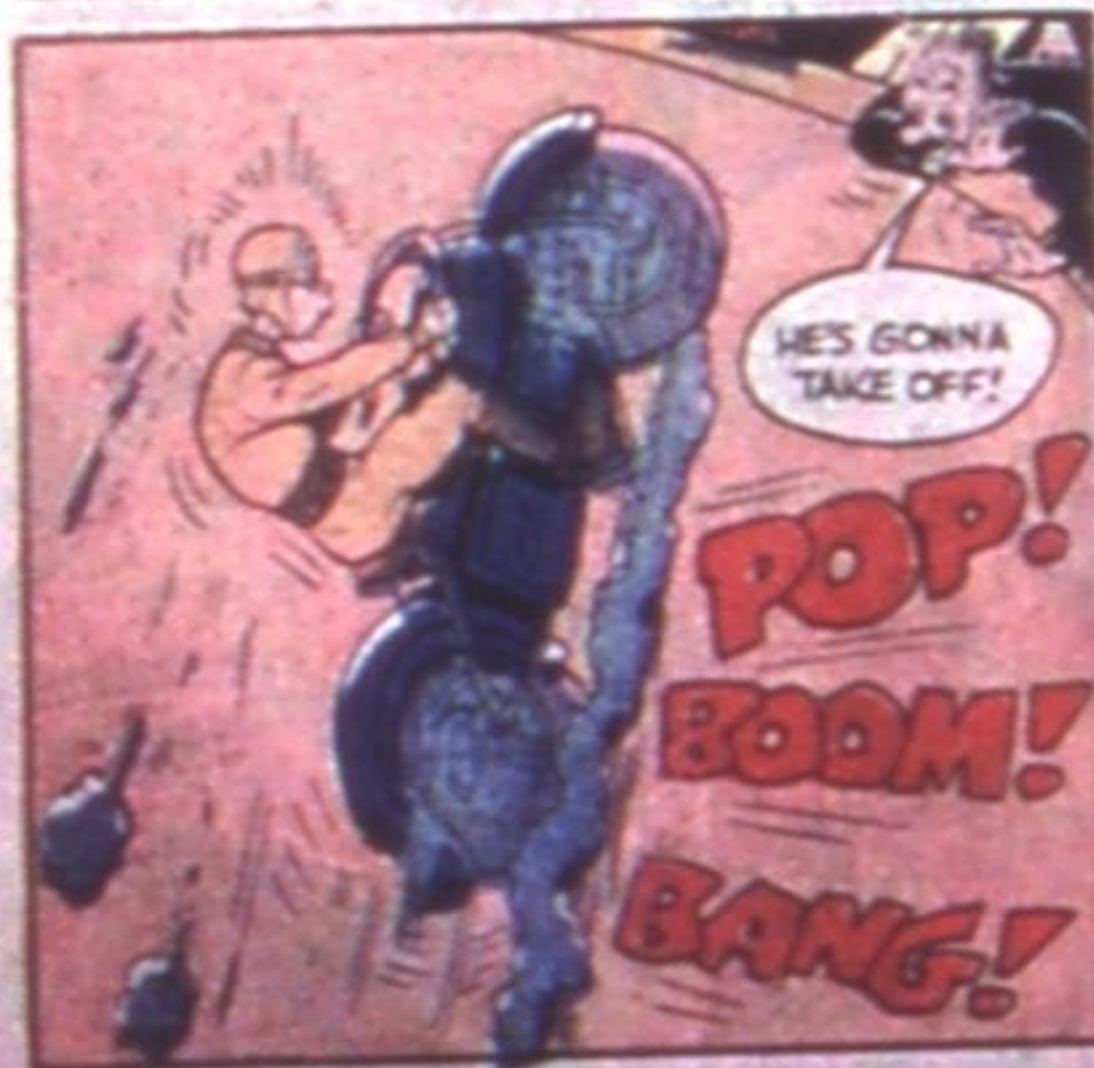
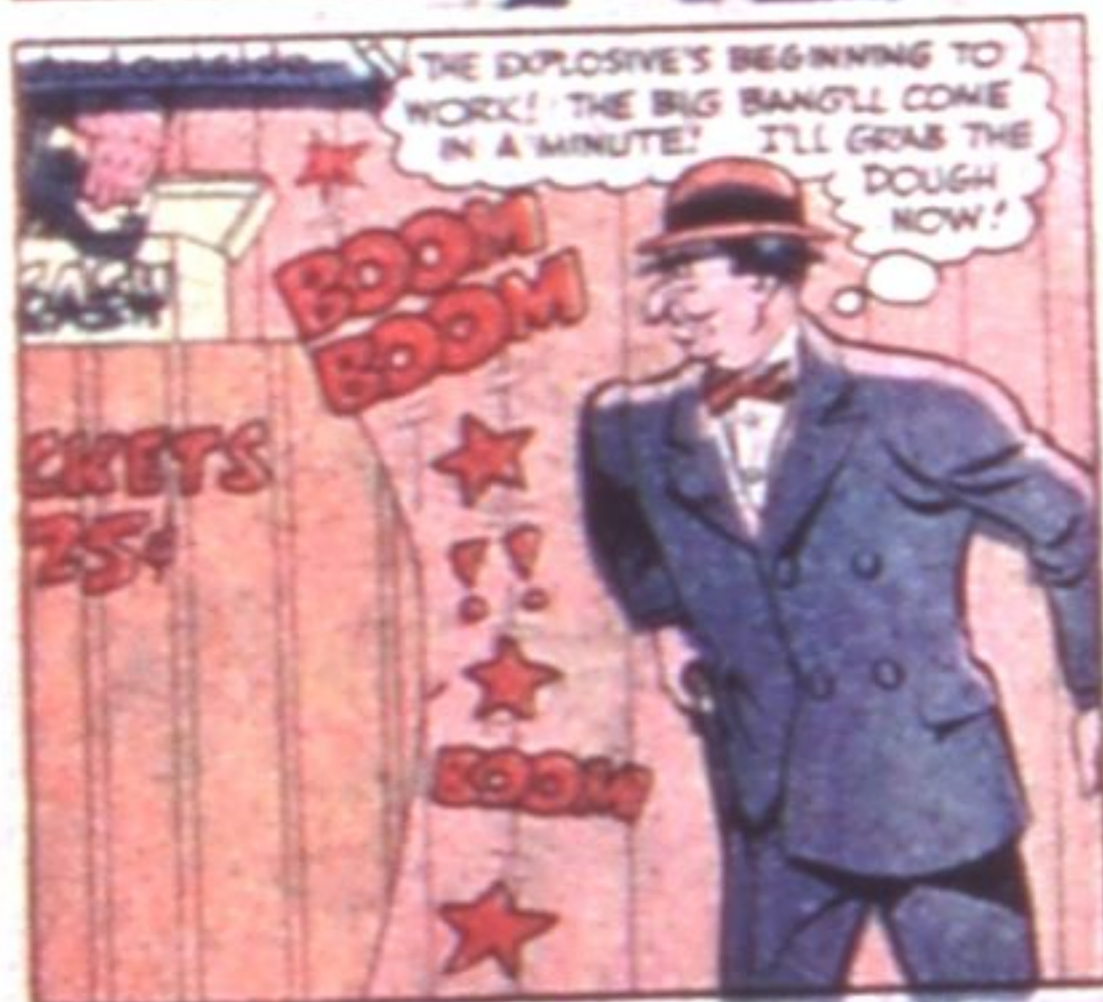
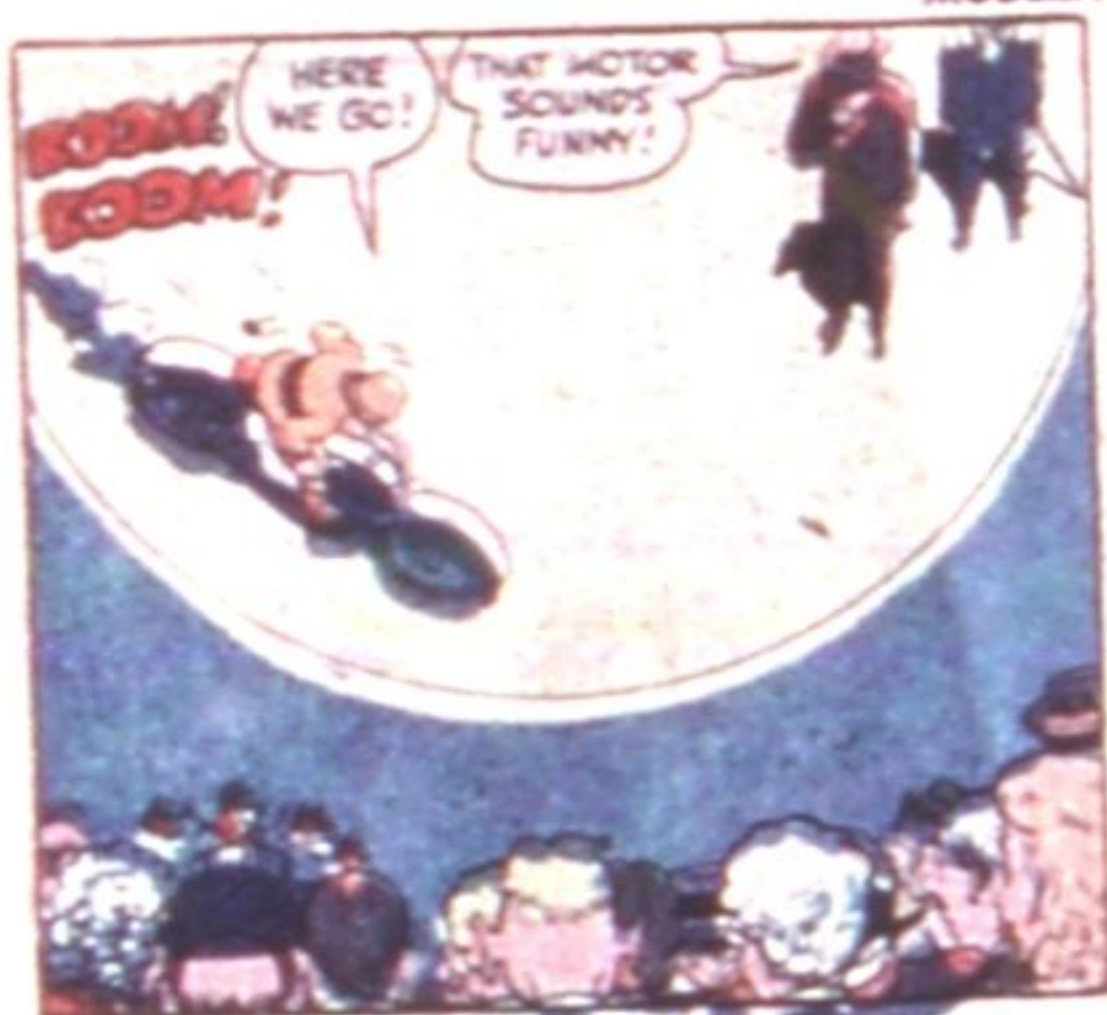














GRINGO JOHN

GRINGO JOHN was a Flathead Indian who lived on a reservation in Montana. Gringo John was known to be very friendly toward all white men. And for that he was often rebuked by his tribesmen.

"Why you like palefaces?" they would ask him. "We no like palefaces. They steal from us. Take our lands. Chase us to reservation. Not give us any voice in big meetings at Washington."

Gringo John would shake his head. "True, these things you say, my brothers. But then the war between the whites and us has long since ceased to be a war. The whitemen won. How can we change that? Why must we forever carry bitterness in our hearts for these longpast things? I say let us be friends!"

And so it was far and wide that Gringo John—who had got his nickname 'Gringo' by his friendship with the whites—smiled and chatted amicably with everyone who came in contact with him.

There were Indians on the reservation who hated John for this benevolent attitude toward their eternal enemies. They saw in his continued affection for the whites an acceptance of their to them bitter fate; a fate dished out by the palefaces.

Rutter, the Indian agent on the reservation, was not a nice man. Nobody liked him, least of all the Indians. Rutter was hot-headed, mean, and seemed to hate everyone with whom he had any dealings.

It was often a matter of specu-

lation why Rutter had been put in charge at the Flathead Reservation. It was only because of his wide experience in Indian matters that he had been granted the place. But there were many who thought someone else would have been a better deal.

Rutter was always against showing any kindness toward his charges. Whenever some modern appointment, or extra food or blankets, was suggested, Rutter would turn the idea down with a wave of his hand.

"What the devil for?" he would demand. "They're only redskins, ain't they? They don't know anything about comforts. Why pamper 'em?"

And so the Flathead Reserve was known for its cold exterior—and interior, too.

One early morning a young Indian called at Rutter's office and combination store to make a purchase, and found the agent dead with a bullet through his head. The brave ran yelping from the office to broadcast the news.

It would be a lie to say the Indians were sorry about the affair. In fact, there were few of them who did not feel literally relieved. Rutter was dead! The hated agent had gone to the happy hunting ground—or maybe some place else! It was good.

When word of Rutter's death reached the ears of Gringo John, he was plenty disturbed. He knew there would be an investigation. There was little reason to think that Rutter hadn't been killed by one of the Indians. Who else would do it? So there would be

lots of trouble at the reservation.

And sure enough, late that afternoon, a Deputy U. S. Marshal arrived at the reserve and took the matter in hand. He called in all the Indians about whom there hung any suspicion. These of course included all the hot-headed ones—Indians who hated the whites, and hated Gringo John for his treatment of them.

The investigation got under way, but Bates, the marshal, didn't get anywhere. Indians are peculiar people when it comes to pumping them for information. They will either answer, or feign a lack of knowledge that is exasperating.

Marshal Bates was at his wits' end.

The wires buzzed. The newspapers in the area were not for the late Rutter; neither were they in favor of murder. And nobody doubted that some Indians had committed the crime.

Washington was hot for a quick capture of the culprit. This sort of thing was bad. Other Indian agencies would surely have trouble once their inhabitants heard about the crime. Agency trouble is always bad stuff.

Days went by, while Marshal Bates questioned and ran down clues. He had Gringo John on the carpet more than once, but John had a perfect alibi. Besides, the marshal knew that Gringo John was friendly.

"What do you think, John?" Bates asked the Indian one day.

John shook his head. "Me not know—yet. Me think Indian didn't kill Rutter."

eyes bugged. "What do you mean, an Indian didn't do it? What else would?"

John said, "Not Indian, Mr. Bates. Indian use

reverse. John had something to say. But then Bates felt, since Indians had more or less "white men's" ways these days, it was reasonable to assume one of them had chosen a knife instead of a knife. But where would the criminal get hold of a

gun? About searching for a

week passed. Bates had no gun in any hogan. To his enquiries he received a answer. The Indians simply

John worked on the his own manner. He believed a white man had killed. But he had no clues to

Not yet. One night while John lay sleep in his hogan, he saw a shadow on the terrain not far away. Quietly he crept to the edge of his shelter and peered into the gloom. The shadow slipped up to a nearby hogan and disappeared within. John saw the shadow bolted out and into the night.

"What that?" asked John. "Me go see."

He rode to the hogan where a mysterious visitor had paused and stepped within. "Cajo," he called softly. "Wake up, Cajo. It

"What?" asked Cajo sleepily. "You want, John?"

"Someone hide something in your hogan, me think."

John spoke in Indian. "Hide what?"

"Take something, then,"

replied John. "Me make light. Look."

Gringo John struck a match and lit a candle. He held this up and looked around. The other Indian joined him. John felt under the unoccupied bunk in the hogan, and with an exclamation drew forth a .45 revolver.

"Hm!" he said. "Man hide gun under blanket. It gun what killed Rutter, no doubt."

"B-but what—" began Cajo.

"I'll take that!" spoke a voice out of the darkness. Bates stepped into the hogan with drawn pistol. He held out his hand for the gun. Gringo gave it to him.

Bates smiled grimly. "Well, Cajo, what have you to say for yourself?"

Cajo sputtered. Gringo John said, very quietly, "It was put in here by a man, Mr. Bates. I saw him sneak into Cajo's hogan this night, and followed when he left. I found it under Cajo's bunk."

"A good enough story, John," said Bates, "but it won't stick. Come on, you fellows!" He brandished his gun. Cajo growled and preceded him out of the hogan, John close by. Then with a movement like lightning, Gringo John bolted into the darkness. Bates fired several times, knowing he hadn't hit the Indian.

Bates, cursing, hustled Cajo off to the reservation hoosegow. The next morning he called Missoula and reported his capture. He had Rutter's murderer, all right!

"Good work, Bates," said the official at the other end of the wire. "Bring him in."

Bates took Cajo to Missoula that day, and the mystery of Rutter's murder was at an end. Or so Bates and the other officials thought.

But Gringo John thought otherwise. He had bolted for a very good reason. He meant to capture the murderer.

John headed into the low hills surrounding the reservation. And soon he came to a camping sight. The fire had recently died out, but John knew that someone camped there. A white man. He hid out waiting the man's return to camp.

Nick Baraboo was a would-be outlaw. A small time crook, he had been chased out of Missoula and was forced to hide in the "sticks" as he called it until things cooled down a bit. Nick considered that he had done a smart job rubbing Rutter out. It was purely a grudge killing, the sort of which Nick's type are capable.

Rutter had framed Nick once, long years ago, and Nick had searched everywhere for his enemy. He had found him by reading through some Indian reference files one day while sitting in a library out of the rain. And he had quickly gone to the reserve and bumped the man off.

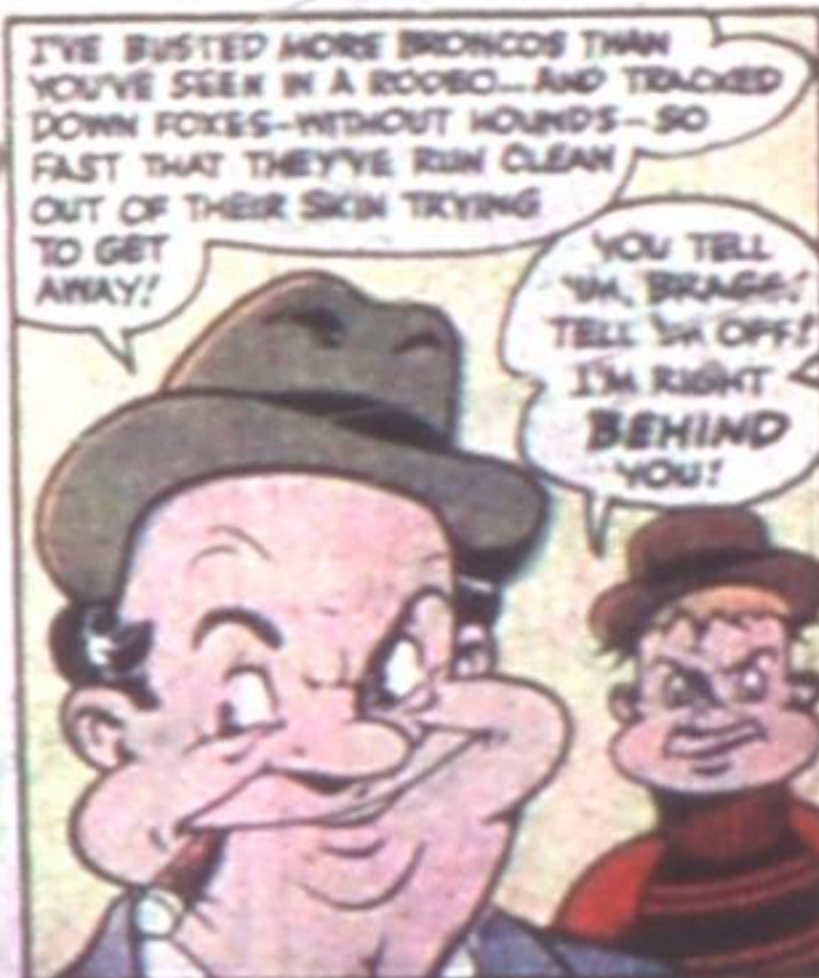
But none of these things were known until Gringo John suddenly leaped out of the bush and trussed up the fugitive. Now, Indians have ways of making men talk—ways that are not pleasant. And Gringo John was forced to put Nick through a hard half hour before the man confessed to the crime. But he confessed. Then Gringo John took him to the reserve. Bates and the new agent had arrived that day. When they saw Nick, and heard his confession, they were mighty pleased with Gringo John. So was John pleased, because there was \$1000 reward for the outlaw. Gringo John smiled as he accepted the white man's order on a Missoula bank. He liked white men.

MODERN COMICS

WILL Bragg

by Paul Gustavson







Sunday morning...



AIN, QUIT ARGUING WITH HIM, SWENSEN. AN' LET'S GET THIS FOX HUNT GOING!

I PAID HIM TO TEACH ME FOX HUNTING AND I'LL BE HANGED IF HE'S NOT GOING THROUGH WITH IT!



AHEM... I'VE GIVEN YOU THE POINTERS ON FOX HUNTING! - ER - I JUST DIDN'T UNDERSTAND THAT YOU COULDN'T EVEN RIDE A HORSE! GALLY, SEE IF YOU CAN FIND A PONY - SO'S I CAN WALK HIM AROUND!

AIN, WUTS! LET'S GO! I HOPE YOUR HAT FITS ME!



SURE! DON'T WORRY ABOUT YOUR HAT! WHERE'S THAT SUITCASE I BROUGHT? I HAVE THIS FOX HUNT IN THE BAG!



THE ONE YOU HAD THE FOX INT OVER THERE!

HAD!! WHERE IS ITT WHERE'S THE FOX?

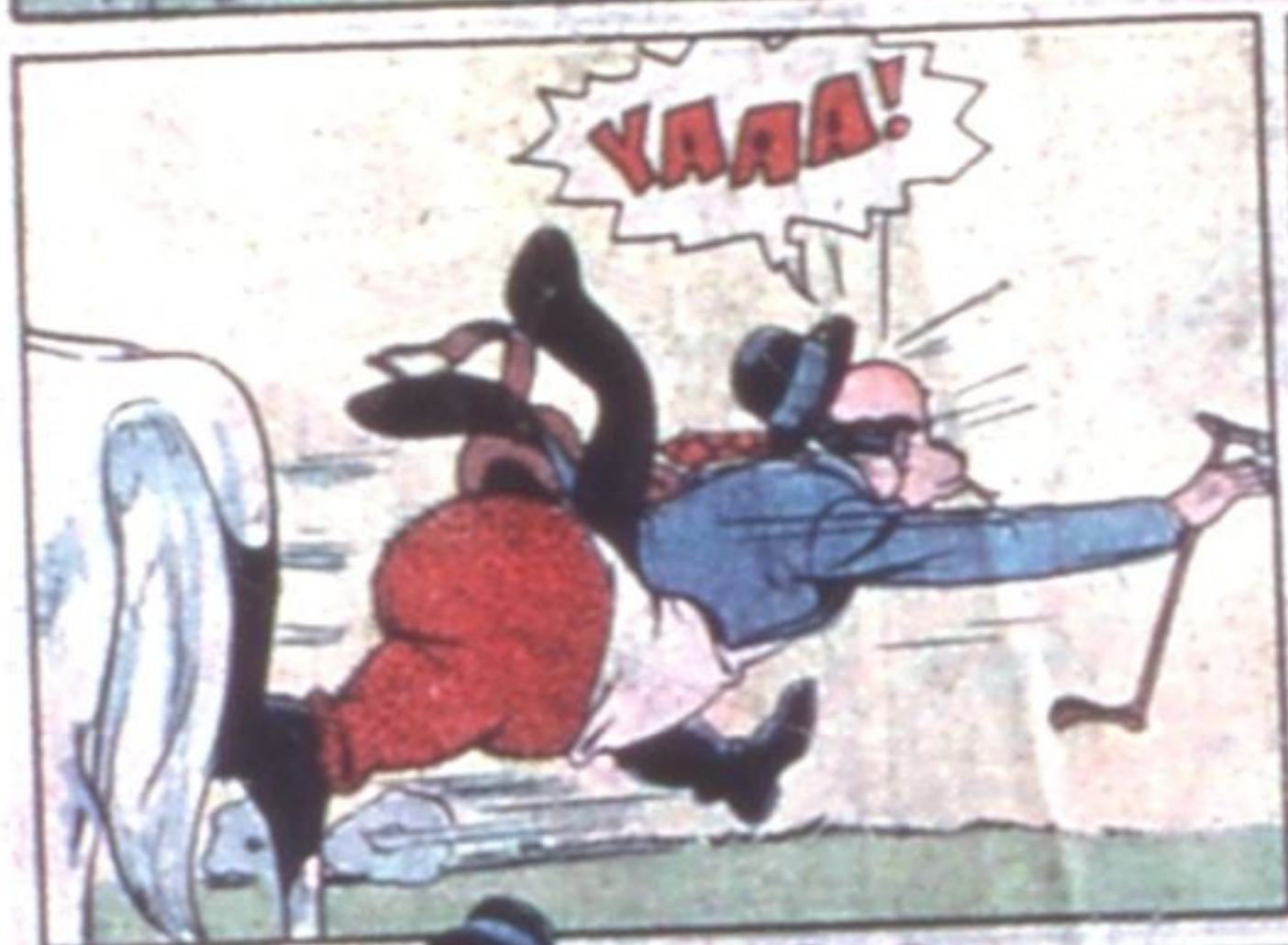


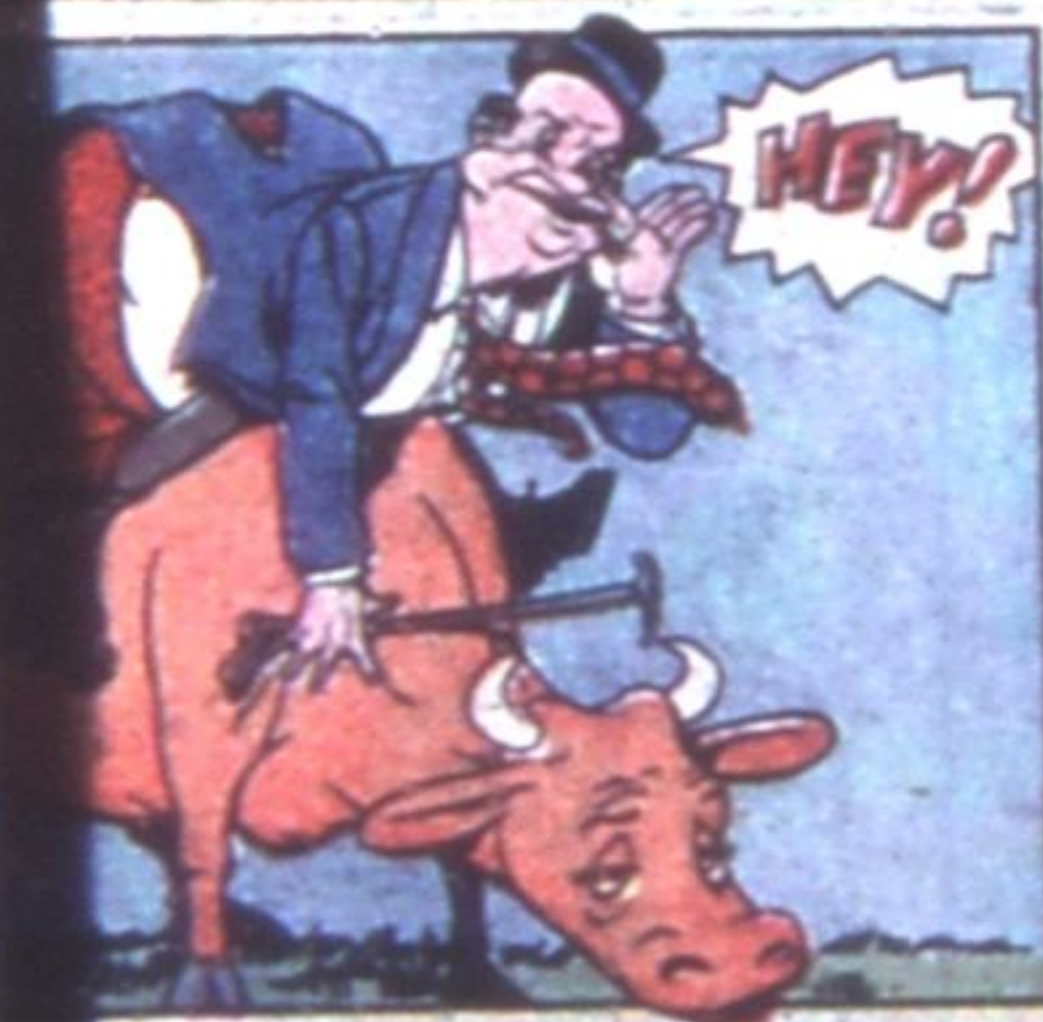
AND I FIGURED I'D WIN YOUR HAT BACK BY NOT EVEN CHASING ONE!

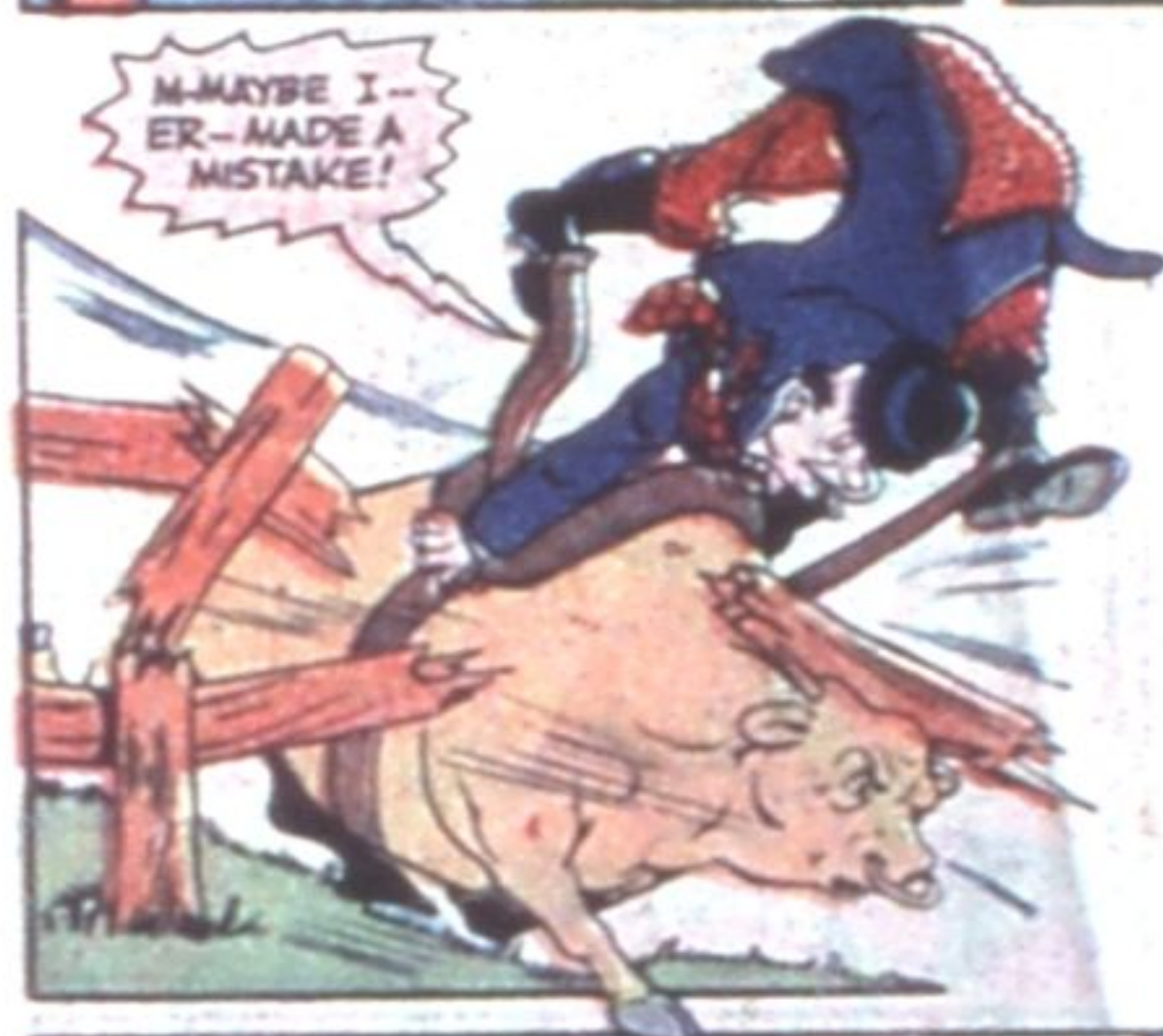
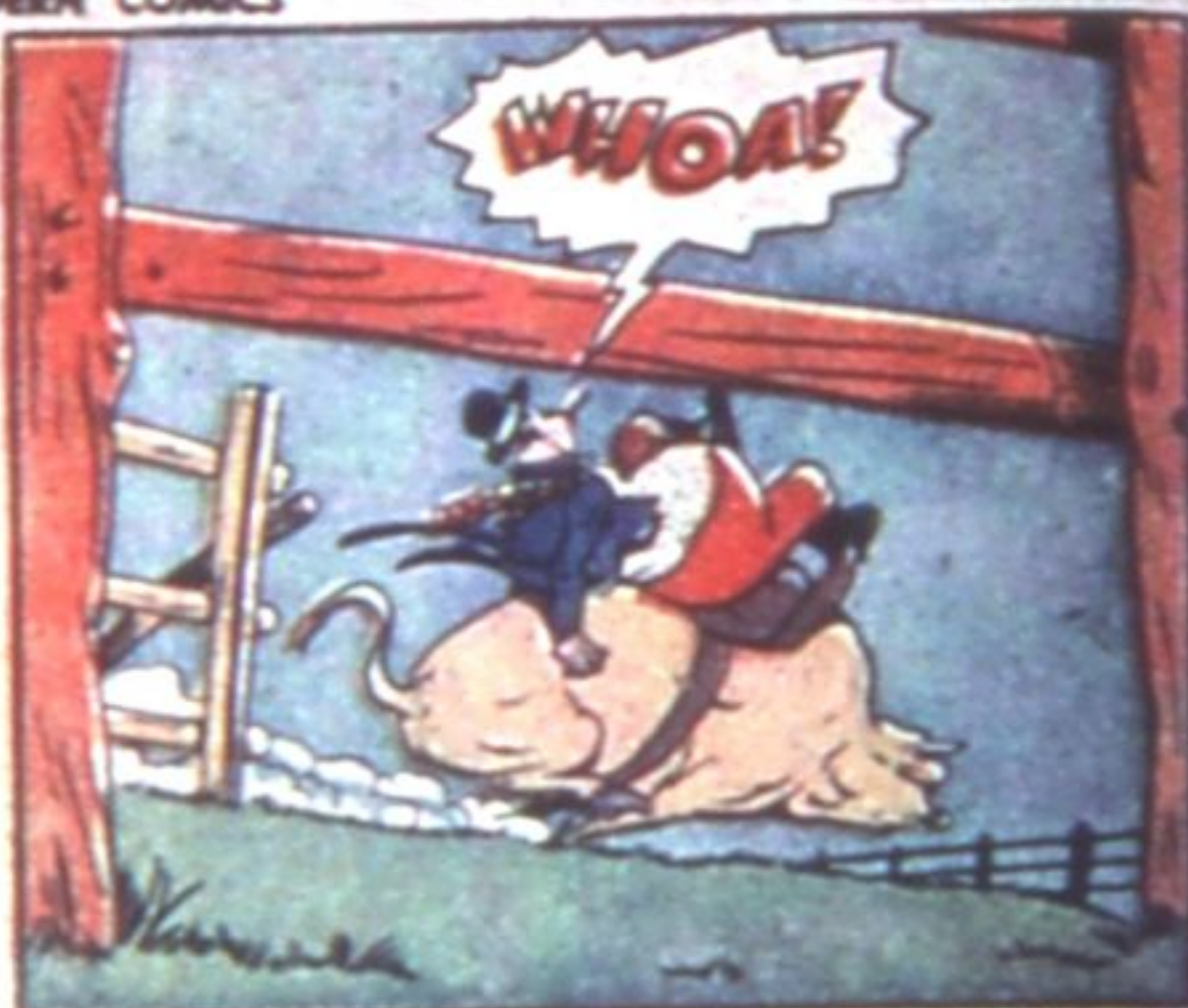
GET YOURSELF A HORSE AN' WIN MY HAT BACK! C'MON!

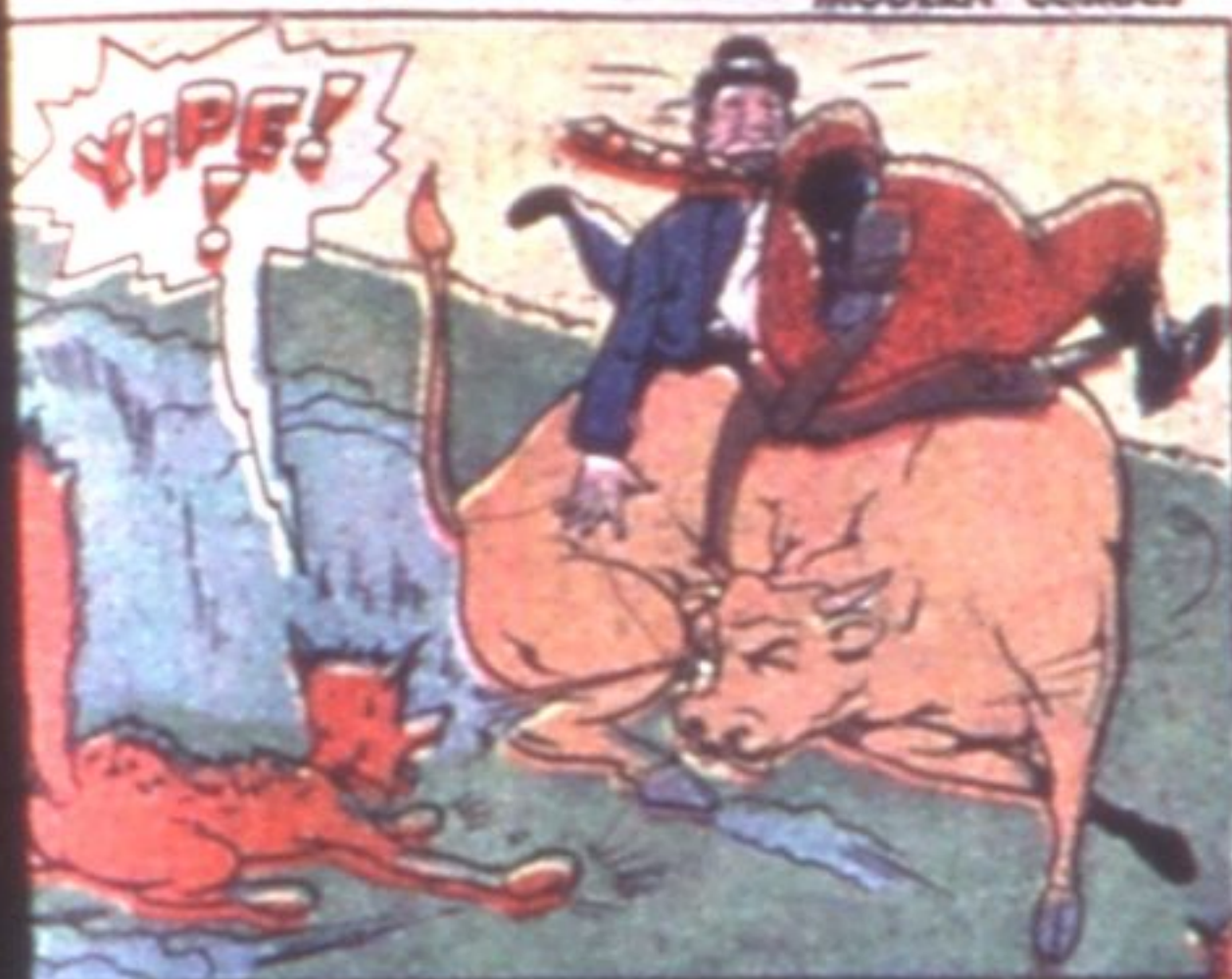
A GULP! - ER - I GUESS I'LL HAVE TO -















ANNOUNCING!

THE NEW **Bendix** COASTER BRAKE



LOOK FOR THE NAME BENDIX

Made by the Foremost Builder of
Automotive and Aviation Brakes



Only the New Bendix Coaster Brake
Offers All These Features

Stops quicker—stops longer—long life—trouble-free performance—light weight—easier pedaling—simplicity of design—fewer parts—easy to put together and take apart—Self-aligning brake shoes—Sealed against dirt and water—More efficient braking—requires less pedal pressure and travel—Every brake factory tested—Made by Bendix—Foremost manufacturer of aviation and automotive brakes.

Here is the coaster brake you have always wanted. It is made by the famous Bendix Aviation Corporation, builders of aviation, radio, marine, radar and electronic products as well as brakes for automobiles, buses, trucks and airplanes. The new Bendix® Coaster Brake is entirely new in design. It stops quicker and with less pedal pressure. It *coasts longer*—You are away out in front with a Bendix Coaster Brake. And it is easy to take apart and put together again for there are fewer parts.

Be sure to tell your bicycle dealer that you want your new bike equipped with the most modern of all coaster brakes—the new Bendix Coaster Brake.

ECLIPSE MACHINE DIVISION
BENDIX AVIATION CORPORATION
ELMSA, NEW YORK



What's My Job? - I Manufacture Weaklings into **MEN!**

Charles Atlas

Actual Photograph of the man who holds the title "The World's Most Perfectly Developed Man."

GIVE ME a skinny, peapless, second-rate body—and I'll cram it so full of handsome, bulging new muscle that your friends will grow bug-eyed! . . . I'll wake up that sleeping energy of yours and make it hum like a high-powered motor! Man, you'll feel and look different! You'll begin to **LIVE!**



Let Me Make YOU a NEW MAN —IN JUST 15 MINUTES A DAY!

You wouldn't believe it, but I myself used to be a 97-lb. weakling. Fellow called me "Skinny." Girls snickered and made fun of me behind my back. I was a flop. THEN I discovered my own new muscle-building system—"Dynamic Tension." And it turned me into such a complete specimen of MANHOOD that today I hold the title "THE WORLD'S MOST PERFECTLY DEVELOPED MAN."

That's how I traded in my "bag of bones" for a barrel of muscle! And I felt so much better, so much on top of the world in my big, new, husky body, that I decided to devote my whole life to helping other fellows change themselves into "perfectly developed men."

What Is "Dynamic Tension"? How Does It Work?

When you look in the mirror and see a healthy, husky, strapping fellow smiling back at you—then you'll be astounded at how short a time it takes "Dynamic Tension" to GET RESULTS!

"Dynamic Tension" is the easy, NATURAL method you can practice in the privacy of your own room—JUST 15 MINUTES EACH DAY—while your scrawny shoulder muscles begin to swell, ripple . . . those spindly arms and legs of yours bulge . . . and your whole body starts to feel "alive," full of zip and get

One Postage Stamp May Change Your Whole Life!

As I've pictured up above, I'm steadily building broad-shouldered, dynamic MEN—day by day—the country over. 1,000,000 fellows, young and old, have already grabbed a postage stamp to ask for my FREE book. They wanted to read and see for themselves how I'm building up scrawny bodies, and I'm paying down fat, flabby ones—how I'm turning them into breath-taking human dynamos of real POWER.

Just a few seconds NOW to fill in and mail the right, and you will receive at once my FREE "Everlasting Health and Strength" that PROVES what "Dynamic Tension" has done for me—and can do for YOU! Address: CHARLES ATLAS, 115 East 23rd St., New York 10, N. Y.

FREE

Mail the coupon to me and I'll send you my FREE illustrated book, "Everlasting Health and Strength." Tell all about "Dynamic Tension" method. Guaranteed with money back. Send no money! CHARLES ATLAS, Dept. 339-6, 115 E. 23rd St., New York 10, N. Y.

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I want the proof that your system of "Dynamic Tension" will help make a New Man of me—give me a healthy, husky body and big muscular development. Send me your free book, "Everlasting Health and Strength."

Name _____
(Please print or write plainly)

Address _____

City _____ State _____

☐ Check here if under 16 for Booklet A.